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INTRODUCTION.

Shaun O'Neil was gamekeeper to Wolfe Tone Galdar-
rick, Esq., a wealthy Irish gentleman, whose county
seat was in Ballinalea, Wicklow County. The game-
keeper lived in the Lodge at the northern gates with
his wife and two children. Rory, a harum-scarum
daredevil, known the country round as the "Omadhaun,"
and Mimi, a beautiful dark-eyed girleen, called the
rose of Ballinalea, who was betrothed to Dan Cassarn,
owner of a neighboring Smithy. Lord Dunraven, of
London, and Major Raleigh, of her Majesty's service,
Wolfe Tone Galdarrick's guests for the hunting season.
Captain Montagu, who had fallen desperately in love
with Mimi, was stationed at Wicklow. Father Mahone,
the Parish priest of Ballinalea, was guardian of Molly,
his niece, an orphan child, who was in love with Rory
O'Neil. Lanty Kilfoyl was a vagabond poacher.

Sergeant Lance, of Captain Montagu's command.

Phaidrig was a celebrated piper.





THE IRISH DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

ENTITLED

THE OMADHAUN.

By Harriet
Morgan Briggs

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Clarendon
O. 1825

Cast of characters.

THE OMADHAUN.

Rory, "THE OMADHAUN", { Whipper-in to
Wolfe Tone Galdarrick's }
pack.

Captain Montagu,

Young English officer, stationed at Wicklow.

Wolfe Tone Galdarrick Esq.,

The life of every steeple-chase, or fox-hunt.

Lord Dunraven,

His guest for the hunting season.

Father Mahone,

The parish priest at Ballinalea.

Dan Cassarn,

Mimi's lover, owner of a smithy at Rathnew.

Shaun O'Neil,

Gamekeeper to Wolfe Tone Galdarrick Esq.

Lanty Kilfoyl, a poacher.

Major Raleigh, of Dublin.

Sergeant Lance, of the 41st.

Phaidrig, a piper.

Mimi, "the rose of Ballinalea".

Molly, Father Mahone's neice, in love with Rory.

Mrs. O'Neil, Shaun's wife, Mimi and Rory's mother.

SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, &c, &c.

TMP92-008701

Synopsis.

ACT I.—Scene 1.—Galdarrick Estate, Ballinalea. The home of the O'Neils—the visit. Captain Montagu lies in ambush. Mimi the songstress. Montagu wears his welcome out. Dan to the fore—the blow. Mrs. O'Neil's dilemma. The gamekeeper. Squire Galdarrick escorting Lord Dunraven over the estate. Rory goes fox hunting.

Scene 2.—The exterior of Father Mahone's. Molly in fairy-land—the surprise. Rory's frolics. The priest and the Omadhaun. Off for the wedding.

Scene 3.—Green Center. Montagu's rage. Lanty Kilfoyl unfolds a plot. Mischief brewing. Au revoir.

Scene 4.—The home of the gamekeeper. The merrymaking. Titled guests. The barn door jig. The red coats. The arrest.

ACT II.—Scene 1.—The exterior of Father Mahone's. Rory makes a strange visit. The signal. A moonlight ride.

Scene 2.—Green Center. Montagu is in high glee. Lanty Kilfoyl finds a four leaf shamrock.

Scene 3.—Wicklow Prison. Dan's soliloquy. The priest's visit. The transformation. How Dan gave leg bail.

Scene 4.—The ruins on St. George's Channel. Mimi and Shaun on the look out. Sighted. Shaun makes a mistake. Rory plays soldier and comes to grief.

ACT III.—Scene 1.—Devil's Glen. Early dawn. The fugitive. Lanty Kilfoyl spies some game.

Scene 2.—Green Center. Rory on a furlough. Montagu is dumfounded at the escape of Dan. Lanty sells his game. Rory catches a poacher.

Scene 3.—The exterior of Father Mahone's. Major Raleigh decides to sift matters.

Scene 4.—Galdarrick Estate. The Council. Lanty Kilfoyl gets into hot water. The priest's warning. Lanty's confession. Dan a prisoner. Major Raleigh rights a wrong. Captain Montagu under arrest. Rory disowns the Omadhaun.

COSTUMES.

RORY.—Red wig. Black hunting cap, green hunting coat, drab breeches, fair top boots, hunter's horn and whip.

CAPT. MONTAGU.—Dashing young officer. Black hair and moustache. Full regulation uniform,—cap, red coat, sword.

WOLFE TONE GALTARRICK ESQ.—Short and portly. Half-bald wig. Broad silk hat, green coat. Ruffled shirt, buff waist-coat, drab breeches. Fob chain. Riding boots, whip.

LORD DUNRAVEN.—Blond wig, moustache, and side whiskers. Black hat, tapering crown. Snuff colored English great coat, with cape. Scarlet hunting coat, fawn breeches, walking boots. Lace tie, single eye-glass and cane.

FATHER MAHONE.—Tall. Long white wig. Broad hat. Black vestments. White neckcloth. Leggings.

Act I.—Scene 4—Long black cloak, crucifix.

DAN CASSARN.—Tall young rustic. Black Glengarry hat. Swallowtail coat and knee-breeches of black corduroy.

Black stockings, low shoes. Act I.—Scene 1.—Fawn-colored Cathmore cloak, with cape.

SHAUN O'NEIL.—Half-bald red wig. Fringe of whiskers. Drab corduroy hunting coat and breeches, leather leggings.

LANTY KILFOYL.—Grey cap. Sleeveless jacket of tan leather. Grey woollen shirt, knee-breeches and brogans.

MAJOR RALEIGH.—Side whiskers. Fatigue cap, red coat.

SERGEANT LANCE.—Tall. Full regulation uniform.

PHAIDRIG.—Red wig, battered hat. Dress of grey homespun.

MIMI.—Type of French-Irish beauty. Dark hair and eyes.

Act I.—Scene 1.—White poke bonnet. White dress, sack bodice and slippers. Act I.—Scene 4.—Bridal gown.

Act II.—Scene 4.—Royal blue cloak with hood.

Act III.—Scene 4.—White muslin dress.

MOLLY.—A blonde. White poke bonnet. White muslin dress. Slippers. Light drab cape.

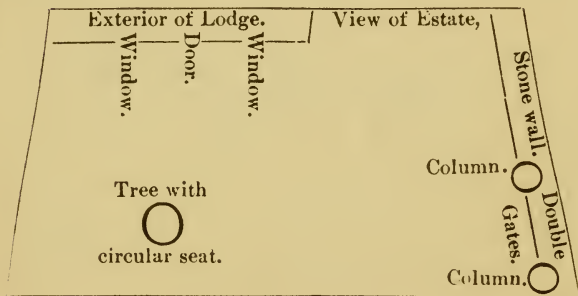
MRS. O'Neil.—White frilled cap. Cream shoulder shawl. Light brown dress, with red quilted bottom.

PROPERTIES.

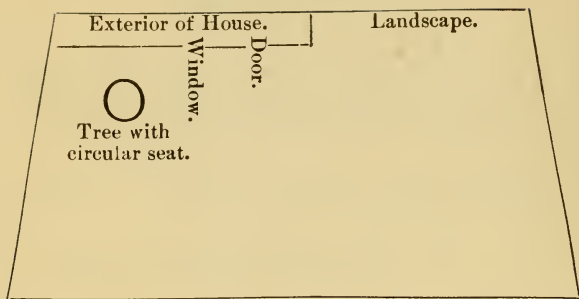
Act First.—Cut flowers and sickle for Mimi. Cut flowers for Molly. Basket with packages for Mrs. O'Neil. Gun for Shaun. Branches of holly for lodge. Spikes for hiding. Horse for Rory,

Act Second,—Package and letter for Molly. Purse for Captain. Two horses.

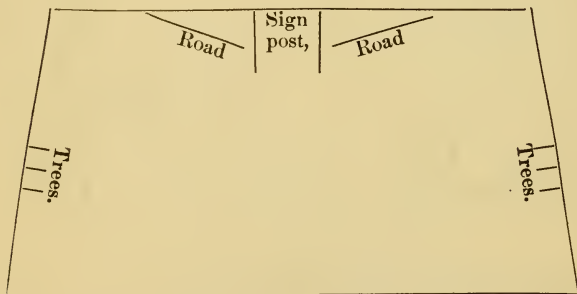
Act Third.—Hand-cuffs for Dan. Shillalys for Peasants.



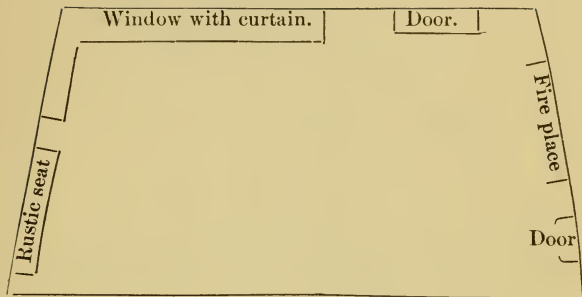
Scene.—Galdarrick Estate Ballinalea. Lodge. Tree with circular seat, massive gates, high stone wall to continue on scene.



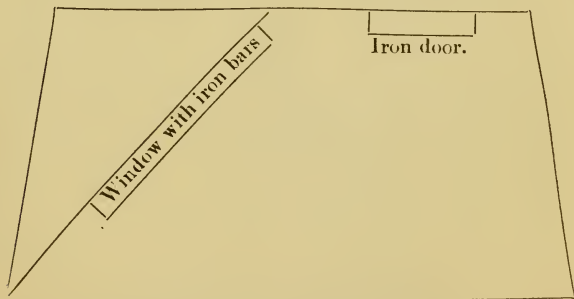
Scene.—The exterior of Father Mahones' House with landscape backing. Tree with circular seat.



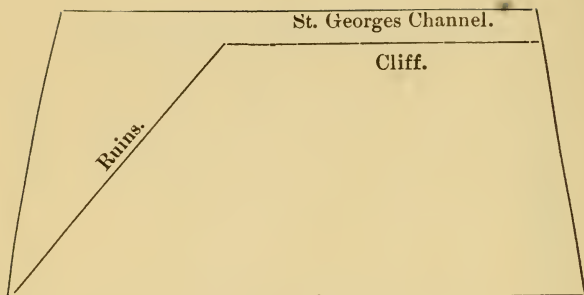
Scene.—Green Centre. To represent crossroads with sign-post.



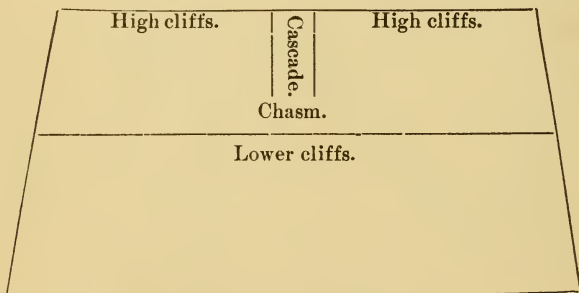
Scene.—The Home of the Gamekeeper. Interior of lodge. Flowers in window, and room decorated with holly.



Scene.—Wicklow Prison. The interior of a cell. To revolve and show The Ruins on St. Georges Channel.

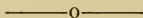


Scene.—The Ruins on St. Georges Channel.
Ruins of Castle on cliff overlooking the channel.



Scene.—Devils Glen. High cliffs with cascade for backing.
Chasm, and lower cliffs below.

THE OMADHAUN.



ACT I.

SCENE. *Galdarrick Estate, Ballinalea. Exterior of lodge, with view of the estate in the background. High stone wall, with massive iron gates, left; large tree with circular seat, right. (Enter CAPT. MONTAGU through gateway, smoking, crosses over to lodge, looks in window, passes over and sits down on circular seat; picks up book from seat, and looking at cover reads.)*

CAPT. Beadle's collection of gems. (*Opens book and reads*)
Home Sweet Home.

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
That reads well! But there is no one at home. (*Glancing towards lodge.*) Truly what fools we mortals are. Here am I far from home amidst Irish bogs, chasing every will-o'-the-wisp in the shape of a pretty face. Now if Mimi's father was a Duke or Lord, or even a Squire, there would still be a tinge of romance about it, were we to take French leave. But to think with such a face and voice she is only a game-keepers daughter. What would my aristocratic mother say, and fair cousin Marguerite, or my comrades in arms, were I to sail to England with such a bride. (*Turns leaves of book and reads*)

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;
And waste it's sweetness on the desert air.

Here I am talking of marrying a maid whom I met but once,
and then only by chance while hunting with the Squire.

(Turns leaves of book and reads)

'Tis years since last we met

And we may not meet again,

I have struggled to forget,

But that struggle was in vain.

For her voice lives on the breeze,

And her spirit comes at will,

In the midnight on the seas

Her bright smile haunts me still.

(Closes book, rises and glances off R.)

By Mars! I swear I'm in luck, she is coming this way with
her apron full of flowers, she must have paid the gardener
an early visit. But I must not startle her, I'll lie in ambush
and make sure of a captive. *(Passes round tree and stands
unperceived.)*

*Enter MIMI. R. Stops near tree with her apron full of flowers
and stands looking at a rose she holds in her hand.*

MIMI. *(Sings entire song)* 'Tis the last rose of Summer.

(Turns and utters a little startled cry as she sees CAPT.)

CAPT. 'Ten thousand pardons. Coming in as I did un-
perceived I thought I had strayed into some fairy dell. I
hope I dont intrude.

MIMI. I am only the gamekeeper's daughter sir. The
master is at the Manor-house. There's not a more hospit-
able Squire in all the county.

CAPT. Thanks! but were I to tell you that I came over
the Rathnew road not to call on the Squire but to see a co-
lleen called the rose of Ballinalea what would you say?

MIMI. I would tell an English officer called Captain Montagu that by going back past Green Centre he could save an Irish mile, for there's nayther welcome nor good wishes for yez here, Captain Montagu!

CAPT. You are inhospitable my colleen dhas, is this the way you entertain me, when I have taken so much pains to come?

MIMI. Shure an' ye moight have spared yerself the throuble sir, it's well enough yez ought to know that I niver had a likin' for yer company.

CAPT. You are flattering, upon my word. Now tell me pray, Miss Mimi, why I am so distasteful to you.

MIMI. Because yez are widout mercy to the poor, because yez come in loike a thief where yez get no welcome, because — because I hate you!

CAPT. Oh! fareer gairh! as you Irish say — you hate me my pretty colleen, and I — why I love you to distraction! You hate me; well now, that is hard. If I were to ask you to marry me would you say no?

MIMI. I marry you! I'd throw myself from Castle Rock into the river before I'd marry you. Do yez not know this is my weddin' day, that before the sun has gone to rest I'll be Dan Cassarn's bride.

CAPT. Dan Cassarn's bride! (*Growing excited*) child, this is madness; do you not understand what I could offer you, wealth, station, all that heart could wish, in a grand old English home.

MIMI. My Dan is the noblest lad that lives! not a foine gentleman that I'll allow, but honest, an' brave, an' thrue, an' what colleen could ask for more?

CAPT. I'm afraid you are building castles in the air.

MIMI. Where else could we build? You English have robbed us of all our land.

CAPT. You wild, pretty, tormenting young thing! I must have a kiss for that! I swear I will have it Mimi!
(*Springs towards her.*)

MIMI. (*Retreating from him*) I'd die first!

(CAPT. pursues and catches her around the waist, laughing softly as he struggles with her. MIMI darts her head downward and bites the hand that holds her captive. CAPT. loosens his grasp and raises his hand as if to strike her.)

CAPT. You— (*Enter DAN CASSARN, through gateway, L. unperceived by CAPT.*) you young wolf-cub— (*DAN catches his uplifted arm and swings him around facing him.*)

DAN. Sthand about misther! (*Strikes CAPT., who falls.*) (*DAN clasps MIMI in his arms*) Blur-an'-ages! to think he'd rise the hand agin ye, the black viper! I could kill him where he lies! Git up ye scoundrel! (*CAPT. rises to his feet*) git up an' depart, quick, in God's name, lest I take yer loife for the shameful insult ye've put upon my colleen dhas. go now, (*CAPT. crosses and pauses at gate.*) but moind yez, an' howld yerself in readiness, it's a thaste av me fhist ye'll be thrated to ivery toime our two paths crosses, ye miserable black rap o' the divil, to come around here insultin a decent girl wid yer avil ways.

CAPT. Ten thousand curses be upon you!— (*Shaking his clenched hand at him*) you low-born Irish cur— you traitor— you miserable agitator of the common herd— I know your ways better than you think, and, as God hears, I swear I shall yet have you transported! [*Exit through Gates, L.*

MIMI. Dan ma dheelish, his words they bring fear an' sorrow to me heart, that he may work ye harm.

DAN. Chance he may. Sure I would av sthruck him were he the Lord Lieutenant. (*Kisses her and points upward.*)

Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the sky.

Sure an' God knows it's a happy heart I carry widin me, thinkin av the toime so near at hand, an' yet I can't help havin' the fear upon me that somethin' moight come bechune us at the last moment, that afther all it moight chance ye'd niver go to brighten the ould house or make glad the lonely hearth-stone.

MIMI. Oh! Sure Dan mabouchleen it's a strange fancy that's took ye av a suddin, an' yet there's rayson enough in it too. You're afther thinkin' how little ye desERVE me, an' this is why it chances to ye that somethin' might happen to put us asunder.

DAN. Perhaps it's right yez are. God he knows it I don't desERVE ye mavourneen, (*speaking gravely*) but listhen a—colleen, I'd thought not to sadden ye wid it, but me heart tells me it is best to lave ye free to choose. The people av Ireland are starvin', that ye know; the famine an' faver go hand in hand, desthroyin the young an' the ould; the sheriff, the tithemin an' soldiers are let loose upon our lands, harassin' the starvin' poor. Just yisterday I counted five ejected families along the road widout a roof to shelter thim or a place they could call home, while here an' there along the road I saw hapes av grey ashes where some av the poor crathurs' cabins used to stand, an' their little childher' used to play. Now look yez, asthore, last Autumn toime the harvest was galore, an' government left

it be carried away to bring riches to thim that would scarce thurn back a crumb in charity, which, betokens, thank God we niver axed—we only wanted our own. Now there's throe men an' brave that swears that the harvest shall not be taken out of the land. Now, if there do be a risin' up amongst the boys,—which same is spoken of at the prisint toime—it's Dan Cassarn that'll shouldher his grandfather's pike an' march to the fore; it's Dan Cassarn too that moight be the first to fall, an' so I want to ax ye now, mavourneen, in the face av all this, are yez sthills willin' to marry me, — now whin the corrun is golden?— an' lave me go to me death, perhaps, along wid the risin', for sure it is I could niver hould back, wid the throe heart av an Irishman widin me bosom, an' in me veins the blood of ninety-eight!

MIMI. Dan mabouchleen asthore machree, yer words they bring fear to me heart, but no shame to ye as a coward thank God, or that ye love a woman above yer land. Hark ye, agra! Me grandame fought wid a stone in her apron at ould Vinegar Hill in ninety-eight! I could niver do that—the loikes is not in me—nor would ye wish it Dan, but I could wait, an' watch, an' pray to the good God an' the blessed Virgin for victory, an' could give the dearest I had to die for the sake of Erin. (DAN *kisses her.*)

(*A voice heard off L., MIMI and DAN cross over to gates.*)

Enter MRS. O'NEIL. *with basket filled with parcels and bottles, through gateway, L.*

MRS. O'N. Oh wirrasthru!—phillilew!—oh blissid Vargin, holy St. Dominic, Peter an' Paul the 'postle, what'll I do? Oh patther an' ave! that bosthoon! (*Looking out at gates.*) Oh, ye disgrace to me an' all belongin' to yez!

MIMI. What is it mother dear? (*MIMI puts her arm around her.*)

MRS. O'N. It's whippin' at the cart's tail he ought to get, the shameless scapegrace of an omadhaun! Oh wirra! wirra! to think that he'd go out on the green on this your widdin' day, an' rise such a hullabaloo wid a lot of goss-oons.
(*Wringing her hands.*)

Enter SHAUN O'NEIL *gun in hand, R.*

SHAUN. Stop yer ballyrag mother, th' quality's comin'.

(*Shakes hands with DAN.*)

(*MRS. O'NEIL and MIMI cross to lodge, MIMI throws a kiss to DAN.*) [*Exit* MRS. O'N. and MIMI *into lodge.*]

Enter WOLF TONE GELDARRICK and LORD DUNRAVEN, R.
engaged in conversation.

(*SQUIRE GELDARRICK perceives DAN and pokes him in the side with his whip, laughing heartily.*)

SQUIRE. My Lord, look at the sly rogue, to come around here playing his kimmeens, and steal the prettiest girl in all broad Ballinalea, sure had I been Shaun I'd have shot him for a poacher.

LORD. Good gwacious! (*All laugh.*)

SQUIRE. Well lad, long life to you; and I say Shaun, tell the butler to send something over to the lodge to wet the piper's throat, for you shall have titled guests to-night.

SHAUN. Sure thin it's happier than a King I'll be this night.

(*SQUIRE and SHAUN cross over and examine gates, LORD and DAN stand talking.*)

LORD. You I wish seem to enjoy life.

DAN. The genuine home bred paddy makes toime for fun sooner than anythin' else, we take our own way an'

live the longer.

LORD. Wema'kably stwange! How long gene'way do the people in this countwy live?

DAN. Troth sir, we live as long as we like.

LORD. How vewy widiculous! Why then do the Iwish emigwate?

DAN. Because Ireland is such a healthy country they have to lave home to die.

LORD. How vewy dwoll you Iwish are! (*Blast of a hunters horn off L., they all look out at gateway*) Squire!—is it the post?

SQUIRE. No, that is my whipper-in, out with the pack for an airing. He's known the country round as the omadhaun, a wild harum-scarum dare-devil, but an excellent whip.

RORY. (*Off L.*) Tally—ho!

SQUIRE. (*Shouting.*) Tally—ho!

(*MRS. O'NEIL appears at lodge door.*)

Enter RORY on horse-back with the pack through gateway L.

(*The scene is closed.*)

SCENE II. *The exterior of FATHER MAHONES'. House with landscape backing. Tree with circular seat, to revolve.*

(*MOLLY discovered asleep on seat with basket of flowers beside her. Enter RORY, L. Perceiving MOLLY he winks slyly, and tiptoeing over to seat, kisses her and disappears behind tree.*)

MOLLY. (*Awaking with a start.*) Sure it's only a dhrame. (*Pouting*) I dhramed I was at the widdin', an' as I kissed the bride the face changed, an' Rory was laughin' at me from beneath the veil.

RORY. (*Appearing.*) A bride—am I?

MOLLY. Sure it's a great shame av yez intirely, to steal upon me unbeknownst like that, Rory O'Neil.

RORY. An' ye niver knew I was to the fore, ye little rogue o' the worruld!

MOLLY. How should I, indade? an' yerself steppin' saftly as a rabbit along the sod; sure 'twas wishin to take me by surprise ye were, I know yer ways.

RORY. Murragh, me jewel, ye'r wrongin' me intirely. Sure I niver had the thought.

MOLLY. Well no matther! ye stole a kiss, an' that ye can't deny.

RORY. Och! bad luck to me! did I so? I'd niver rest aisy nor have a quiet conscience, until I'd pay it back wid intherest, mavourneen.

(MOLLY breaks away, RORY starts in pursuit. FATHER MAHONE appears at doorway and stands watching RORY. As RORY runs around he perceives the priest, and stops, cap in hand. MOLLY stands laughing L.)

FATHER. Rory O'Neil! *(In a deeply reproachful tone.)* Didn't I teach you your blessid religion? Ah' yet at the patthern or fair, at the dance or the wake, all sorts an' sizes of divilment an' divarshun are found wherever you go.

RORY. I axes yer riverence's pardon. Sure it's the clargy I'd be sorry to offind.

FATHER. Rory—reform your course an' be a man.

RORY. Och!—it's a faine thing to be a gintleman!

FATHER. All men are created equal.

RORY. Equal is it? If a gintleman breaks a horses back he's only a bowld rider; while a poor sarvint is a careless blaguard for only takin, a sweat out of him. If

a gintleman dhrilks till he can't see a hole in a ladder, he's only fresh; but dhrunk is the word for a poor man. An' if a gintleman kicks up a row, he's a foine spirited fellow; while a poor man is a disorderly vagabone for the same; an' the justice axes the one to dinner an' sinds the other to jail. Oh! faix, the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people wid brown fists must kape their distance.

FATHER. Remember! two wrongs will never make a right, 'tis but a world view; (*Removing his hat and pointing upward,*) for in that higher coort the sins of prince or pheasant will be defined. [*Exit L. slowly, reading book.*]

RORY. Bad luck t' me, intirely. I'm always fallin' into traps, here's his riverence usin' you for a bait, an' thin batin' me wid a sermint; thin over the green hill beyant, awhile agone, me loife almost wint out on me wid th' fright.

MOLLY. And how was that Rory? (*Picks up basket of flowers.*)

RORY. Why, I was comin' by th' by-road that runs up at th' back o' th' owld house, nigh hand the widdy Caseys, so I jist peep'd through th' owld iron gate that's as stiff in th' hinge as a miser's fist, up th' road I'adin' to th' house, lookin, as lonely as a church yard, wid th' grass growin' out through it, and says I to meself, I'm thinkin' it's few darkens your doors, says I, God be wid th' time th' owld Squire was here, that stayed at home an' didn't go abroad out of his own counthry, leavin' th' foine stately owld place go to rack an' ruin; an' faix I

was turnin' back an' I wish I did, when phat should I see but a ghost.

MOLLY. A ghost!!! (*Drops basket and stands starrin' at Rory.*)

RORY. To all appearances, but 'twas only a thing 'twas stuck in the hedge to frighten whoiver was passin' by; an' as I kem up to it there was a groan, so I started, an' looked at it for a minit, or there-away; but I seen phat it was, and threw a stone at it, for fear I'd be mistaken; an' I heer'd tittherin' inside the hedge, an' thin I knew it was only divilment of some one.

MOLLY. And phat was it?

RORY. 'Twas a horse's head in troth, wid an owld hat on th' top of it, an' two buck briers stuck out at each side, an' some rags hangin' on them, 'twas jist altogether loike a long faced man wid high shoulders and no body, and very long arms and short legs:—faith, it frightened me at first.

MOLLY. An' no wondher, I think I'd lose my loife if I seen th' loike, but sure wouldn't you know that ghosts niver appear by day?

RORY. Ay, but I hadn't time to think o' that, bein' takin' short wid th' fright—more betoken, 'twas th' place the murdher happened in long ago.

MOLLY. Who was murdhered? (*Marking herself with the sign of the cross.*)

RORY. 'Twas a schoolmaster, darlin', that was found dead on th' road one mornin' wid his head all in jom-methy, an' some said he fell off his horse, an' there was talk of shoe aside.

MOLLY. Th' horse's shoe, was it?

RORY. No, alanna, shoe-aside is Latin for cuttin' your throat.

MOLLY. Did he cut his throat?

RORY. Sure it's all wan whether he done it wid a razhir on his throat, or a hammer on his head; it's shoe-aside all th' same.

MOLLY. But was there a hammer found?

RORY. No, but some people thought he moight have hid the hammer afther he done it, to take off th' disgrace of shoe-aside.

MOLLY. But wasn't there any loife in him?

RORY. Not a taste; the coroner's jury sat on him, an' he niver said a word agin it, an' if he was alive he would.

MOLLY. An' didn't they find anything at all?

RORY. Nothing but the vardick.

MOLLY. An' was that phat killed him?

RORY. No! no! darlin' 'twas the crack in the head that killed him, however he came by it, but th' vardick o' th' coroner was, that it was done, an' that some wan did it, and that they wor blaguards whoever they wor, an' persons onknown, an' sure if they were onknown thin' they'd always stay so, for who'd know thim afther doing th' loike?

(Ringing of wedding bells off L.)

MOLLY. Oh, Rory! look yaundher and see all th' people comin' to the weddin'.

RORY. *(Looking off L.)* Musha! I didn't know there was so many in th' wourld.

MOLLY. Who's that forninst us on th' road.

RORY. Why, thin, don't you know him, Molly? by

dad I thought there wasn't a parish in th' county that didn't know Phaidrig th' piper.

MOLLY. An' is that Phaidrig? (*Laughing.*) Oh yes an' there's Murphy the fiddler wid him.

RORY. Throth it is, and there comes the O'Riley's an' th' O'Rafferty's an' th' Brady's an' Kitty Crow wid Jerry Sullivan, an' there's Phil Mulligan. (*Speaking off L.*) Top o' th' mo'nin', Phil.

(*Voice from off L*) Same to ye Rory An' there's—oh tare alive! What is it? (*Laughing.*) by the powers its Larry Lanigan wid his father's hat on, an' d'ye moind th' walk.

MOLLY. Hush—he'll hear ye.

RORY. An' there comes Mickey Hickey an' Mrs. Flanagan, an' Tim an' Owny Doyle—an'—

MOLLY. Yes Rory, I see, an' now let us away, for chance ye can prove an alibi to his Riverence for yer kimmeens if ye behave yerself at the weddin'.

RORY. (*Puts his arm around Molly they walk slowly left.*) Sure I wish 'twas your weddin' darlin' an' I was the only man in the worruld. [*Exit both L.*]

(*The Scene is closed.*)

SCENE III. *Green Center. Moonlight scene of cross roads with sign post.*

Enter CAPT. MONTAGU, R. *He paces up and down impatiently stops with back to L.*

CAPT. Not here yet, will the scoundrel ever come? Wait! wait! with the memory of this day's work burning in me like a flame!

Enter LANTY KILFOYL, *shillaly in hand, L. looking backward, runs against* CAPT.

CAPT. Fool!— (*Half draws sword.*)

LANTY. Howly Biddy! (*Starting back.*) I axes yer honor's pardon. I niver seen ye sur, in the clouds av night.

CAPT. Tut! tut! man, what luck?

LANTY. Th' trap's set, all that remains is to spring it upon him.

CAPT. You are sure Lanty, about this thing—sure that the weapons are really there—that there is no chance of mistake?

LANTY. As sure sur as I see the moon yandher—a dozen muskets and twinty pikes—I put thim there mesilf, an' be these tokens sur, I could make no mistake. Tare-an-ouns, jist think av it yer honor, phwat a moighty big surprise it'll be to thim at the lodge to-night. The b'ys wud foight t' th' last gasp for Cassarn, but it's small chance they'll sthand along wid havin' no warnin', an' th' so'gers thimsilves to th' fore.

CAPT. True enough, Lanty! I'll take good care of that. I want to risk no failure of my plans, to leave no loophole through which he might escape— (*Distant bagpipe music off L*) let him laugh with his friends, and look into the lovely eyes of his bride, and be happy in his fool's paradise what brief time he may, for out of it he goes to the hangman and the scaffold; and for me, the weight of this vengeance I have planned to fall in such an hour will be doubly sweet!

LANTY. Look! yer honor. (*Catching at CAPT'S. sleeve.*) Be tokens av mesilf belongin' t' th' united min, I have got all their sacrets widout throuble, an' have used thim in yer honor's sarvice whin wanted; which same - av it

was known—me loife wudn't be worth a thareen. But it's ginerous as a prince yer honor's bin, always givin' me half th' reward, an' niver lettin' me name appear.

CAPT. No! this is not our first night's work Lanty! so have no fear. I received orders yesterday from Dublin to search all suspicious places, and to guard against an uprising among the peasantry; it will serve our purpose well to-night and give it an honest look. The girl is wonderous lovely, I've sworn to have her, and so I will, if it be at the sacrifice of a hundred lives—this spirited, bewitching, dazzling creature that left the prints of her white teeth upon my hand, and a deeper print at the same time, I believe, upon my heart—fool that I am, always was where a handsome woman was concerned, and this little wild Irish girl is divine.

LANTY. An' so ye'z will, too sur; I'm always ready to do you a friendly turn, ownly in this matther we must be cautious—very cautious—not a man in th' county stands higher, or in better repute wid th' pable at th' prisent toime than young Dan Cassarn—curse him! he's always snubbin' me forninst the b'yes, an' wanet he called me a thraitor! thin there's O'Nail the gamekeeper, who swore agin me at the assizes for poachin', may th' divil fly away wid him! I hates thim well nigh as bad as ye. We'll hunt thim down, take my word for it sur, ownly we must be cautious.

CAPT. True, a hasty step might ruin the sweetest and best of revenges. I could have shot him, but that would have been awkward, and might have got me into trouble, since, as you say, he stands so well, besides, to have been transported, or see him swing on

a gibbet is infinitely better, and we will, that I swear. I will call out the company to-night, and search all suspicious places, at last as if by chance, I'll stumble upon the Smithy; then if you have not blundered Lanty, a'l will be well; and the weapons, where are they?

LANTY. Up an ould clay chimney-flue in th' rear.

CAPT. The place near Rathnew, is his?

LANTY. Yis yer honor! a stone's throw from Rathnew, on the Rathnew Road.

CAPT. Report to me here, at this hour to-morrow evening, I pay liberally, always, that you know. And now to spring the trap, for the hour is wearing late, so *au-revoir* Lanty, until we meet again. [Exit R.]

LANTY. Aroy voy! Sure that's poor Irish! Divil a wan o' me knows phwat it manes at all nor cares ayther, Captain darlin, as long as I see th' shine av yer goold.

[Exit L.]

(Scene draws.)

SCENE IV. *The Home of the Gamekeeper Interior of lodge decorated with holly, moonlight shining through open door and windows. Huge punch bowl at the left.*

FIDDLER and PIPER on raised seat, right; SQUIRE stands centre; LORD, PRIEST, MIMI, DAN, MRS. O'N. and SHAUN left; PEASANTS form a crescent right of door, all holding drinking cups except MIMI and DAN. MOLLY and RORY are filling PEASANTS cups.

SQUIRE (Raising cup.)

Friend of my soul this goblet sip,
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh—

(*All laugh. SQUIRE turns with a comical expression.*)

RORY. There's not a headache in a hogshead av it, sure I dhrank— (*MOLLY places her hand over RORY'S mouth.*)

LORD. Gallantwy, Squiaw! gallantwy!

(*Cries of a toast! a toast! among PEASANTS.*)

SQUIRE. Here's to the bonny bride, and lucky smith,

May their lives be bright as yonder moon,
Without an eclipse to darken it.

May their days outnumber the stars,
And each hour prove a golden one.

May their path be lined with roses,
And rich blessings greet their every step.

So drink lads and lassies, and wish them a God speed.

FATHER. Amen! (*All drink, lay cups aside, and sit down.*)

RORY. Friends, Tim an' Owny Doyle have kindly consented to sing a song (*Cheering among PEASANTS. Two PEASANTS advance and sing a song, then sit down amidst cheering of PEASANTS.*)

LORD. (*Rising.*) Capital, vewy extwaordnawy song. (*RORY displaces LORD'S stool, LORD goes to sit down and gets a fall. RORY and SHAUN assist LORD to stool.*)

SQUIRE. Come, Phaidrig, give us the chanter of the pipes, and make the rafters ring Now Molly and Rory, if you sit the less you'll dance the more, so on with your liveliest jig.

(*PIPER and FIDDLER play jig, MOLLY and RORY commence dancing at center; great merriment among the PEASANTS.*)

MRS. O'N. Splhring th' toe, Molly. (*Laughter.*)

SHAUN. More power t' ye Rory, or she'll do ye!

MRS. O'N. Molly! Molly! is it wings t' yer feet?

RORY. Hooray!

Enter CAPT. MONTAGU and SERGEANT LANCE.

(at centre door with a company of Redcoats, armed with muskets and glittering bayonets, to guard all doors and windows.)

CAPT. *(Stands facing the door.)* Twos right and left, march! Column right and left, march! Twos right and left, march!—Halt! *(Turns facing audience. DAN stands at bay with one arm around Mimi, who clings to him. All stand thunderstruck.)*

SQUIRE. Captain, as the owner of these estates, I take the liberty to ask the meaning of this war-like visit.

CAPT. Squire, I trust you will pardon this unavoidable intrusion, my duty must answer for an apology. *(Taking warrant from belt.)* In her Majesty's name I bear orders to arrest one Dan'l Cassarn, for the concealment of arms, which is felony in the sight of the law.

(Outburst of indignation among peasants.)

FATHER. *(Advancing motioning silence.)* Friends, I have known Daniel Cassarn all his life ; I have watched his growth from boy to early manhood ; and I stand here to night in the eve. of life, with life's work nearly done, ready to testify that he is the soul of honor ; and now Daniel, on the strength of the great love I bear thee, and for the sake of those you love, I ask you, are you guilty or innocent of this charge ?

DAN. (*Proudly.*) I am innocent. Yer Reverence, (*pointing to Captain,*) yonder is th' hound that has done this, th' sneaking, cowardly Montagu, who has run me to the earth, as he swore to do, because I left him feel th' weight av me good right arm, for an insult that he put upon th' swate an' honest lassie that I've this day made me bride.) *Shouts and imprecations from peasants.*

CAPT. This is a painful but unavoidable duty. The sooner it is over with the better. (*Shouts among peasants.*) Charge bayonets!

LORD. (*Advancing towards CAPT. and using his hat as a shield.*) Don't fire!—Captain—don't fire!—I am an Englishman.

CAPT. My Lord, there's no necessity for firing. Sergeant. secure your prisoner.

(SERGEANT LANCE *advances with handcuffs towards DAN.*)

MIMI. (*Wildly, despairingly.*) Dan! Dan! (*Swoons in DAN'S arms.*)

(RORY *holds a stool by one leg.* PEASANTS *stand in threatening attitudes.* SOLDIERS *stand at charge bayonets.*)

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE I. *The exterior of FATHER MAHONE'S. Moonlight.*
(Enter RORY L., crosses to center and stands looking at house.)

RORY. (*Sings*)

Oh! Molly bawn why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you,
While the stars above are brightly shining
Because they've nothing else to do;
The flowers late were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you,
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping
With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

MOLLY. (*Opening window.*) Hush— (*Hands letter and black bundle to RORY.*)

RORY. Oh! me jewil, yer face shines through th' gloom loike th' fairest star av night.

MOLLY. Rory, did you discover anything?

RORY. Ay! but for the loife av me nary a thing can I make av it, good or bad. Ye see at sunrise this mornin' I went to the smithy an' looked in the windy, all was as silent as the grave, not a sign av loife, nor a sound, aven th' birds in the trees were still, as if they too missed the ringing music av the smith; who was miles away in Wicklow jail, then I went around to th' rear, an' there in the soft sod I found marks of heavy brogans. An' thin here an' there signs as if some one had climbed up on th' thatch roof, so I scrambled to th' top, an' nigh

th' owld chimney in which th' weapons were in—
(*Taking a snare from his pocket and holding it up*) I found this.

MOLLY. Yes, Rory! what is it?

RORY. A poachers snare.

MOLLY. An' ye suspects some wan?

RORY. Yes, but I don't know who it is.

MOLLY. Cau't ye think av some one, some enemy?

RORY. Divil a man! Dan had th' good will av all the b'yes. I after thinkin' some wan unbeknown to Dan hid thim there for safe keepin' for sure it is th' weapons were put in at the top av the chimney, th' signs are plain as day, an' if he's a traitor, chance he'll get caught by his own trap that he lost up there that night.

(*Bright light of bonfire off L.*)

MOLLY. Rory, for two nights past fires have burned on yonder hill top.

RORY. (*Looking all around.*) Betokens, I know that, there's a fire on every hill top in Ireland to-night, 'tis th' peep-o-day b'ys signal that th' risin' is nigh at hand.

MOLLY. Hush—Father Mahone is comin'.

(RORY disappears behind tree as FATHER MAHONE enters through doorway, and stands looking off L.)

FATHER. (*Shaking his head.*) I fear there's dark and troubled days ahead. Many and many a man has died for the dear old land. Our own Lord Edward, Emmett, Wolfstone, and a hundred others, that makes us proud to think of ninety-eight; yet the fiery spirit of th' youth an' th' patriotic ardor of old Ireland's sons will niver be quenched—will niver learn th' lesson of silence and

submission. (*Turning to MOLLY.*) Come child, come in, and let us together pray heaven's blessing, that Ireland may yet see brighter days.

(*Exit PRIEST into house.*)

RORY. (*Appearing.*) Is th' coast clear.)

MOLLY. Yes, his riverence is at prayer. Now, Rory, tell me th' secret, for me conscience is tindher.

RORY. Whist, darlin! ye'll be goin' to confession, so I'll give ye no sacrets to kape. And now I must be off, for me father an' the horses are waitin', we're out for a moonlight ride.

(*Going L.*)

MOLLY. But Rory—

FATHER. (*Calling from within.* Molly!

MOLLY. Yes, yer riverence. (*Throws a kiss to RORY*)

(*Exit RORY L.*)

(*The scene is closed.*)

SCENE II. *Green Centre. Moonlight scene of cross roads with sign-post.*

(*Enter CAPTAIN MONTAGU and LANTY KILFOYL, R. CAPTAIN stands smiling; LANTY keeps rubbing his hands together.*

CAPT. Everything has worked like a charm in our favor Lanty, and after we have the pleasure of seeing this brave knight of the fist and shillaly swing, perhaps pretty Mimi will not be so chary of her kisses.

LANTY. Betokens an' that's phwat many's a foin leddy wud not be t' you sir, let alonst a gamekeeper's daughther, an' a thousand chances t' wan, win Cas-sarn's hung she'll drap intil yer honor's arms loike a ripe apple off a tree.

CAPT. Oh, no doubt! The girl was willing enough, and flattered too, until her lover came in unexpectedly upon us; then she struggled as if in fear of me—women are always like that. I am not a coward, but the cursed, low-born, sneaking dog gave me no chance of defence. *(Walks about excitedly.)*

LANTY. *(Leering.)* Sorra a man o' me casts a doubt on that, yer honor. It's yersilf phats got th' right dhrop in yez, and th' thruth av steel to ye'r friends.

CAPT. Surely she did not understand what this is that I offered. I offered her the world, and a beautiful woman's place in it. No sway could be wider or greater; no power this side heaven so omnipotent. Men would have bowed down and worshipped her, and let her set her dainty foot upon their necks, willing slaves and bondsmen. She would have ruled like a queen, the humble garb of a peasant is not for such beauty as her's. But since she would not listen to reason I had to resort to force. No power on earth shall take her from me. Lanty! I am not a man much given to confidence, but to-night the mood is on me strangely, to read to you from the book of my youth. I'm a member of a titled English family, affection or over kindness permitted me first as an Eton boy, and afterwards as a gentleman, to indulge in every dissipation that suited my fancy. An unlimited indulgence, a free command of whatever money I asked for, added to a temper constitutionally headstrong and impetuous, soon developed what might have been expected from such a combination. I led a life of wild insubordination at school, and was expelled from Oxford. So fate

which plays with human life, much after the manner that children play with blow-balls, tossed me across the path of a certain fast set, who loved dinners at Clarendon, high play, and other concomitant pleasures at prices that would in the end have swamped Rothschild. Of course, Lanty, such things are beyond your comprehension. After trying in vain to interest myself in the pursuits of life, which would have made me a favorable figure in the world, I left England—well—say—for my family's good, influence gave me a Captaincy in Her Majesty's service, but I am tired of this dull, monotonous life. I wish to take Mimi out of the country, to travel, for a year or so—who shall hinder—and once abroad, she will, I trust, listen and be wise.

LANTY. Faix, an' I'm thinkin' it's a proud lady she'd be to travel wid the loikes av ye, sur.

CAPT. She is the fairest creature the world ever saw, once in my possession, with a year or so of polishing, what a rare and radiant woman she will make! She will no doubt cut up rough at first, but in the end she will listen to that which is for her advantage—women always do, from the peeress down to the peasant they are all pretty much alike. (*Pacing to and fro.*)

LANTY. Th' bitter grief to me (*Shaking his fist at Capt. back*) when yer honor laves th' country. Och, wurrah, wurrah, sorry's th' day; th' b'yes 'ill be afthur me wid a vengeance! I'll hang to th' nearest three! I'll be kilt widout priest or shrive phativer will yer poor humble sarvint Lanty Kilfoyl do at all, at all?

CAPT. (*Aside.*) I've put this fellow on his guard. (*Aloud.*) Oh pshaw, Lanty, what's the use of all this

kind of talk between you and me? Of course, I'm inclined to do the fair thing by you; I have always paid you well for your services, have I not?

LANTY. Indade, an' yer honor may say that same.

CAPT. Although you'll be of little service to me personally, in the future, still I am ready and willing to do what I can for you.

LANTY. Av coorse, av coorse, blisthered be th' tongue phat would say o' agin ye, sure I know yer honor will thrate me right an' fair, for as I was comin' along to-day over th' hill beyant, phat did I find but this. (*Holding up a sprig of shamrock.*)

CAPT. (*Looking at it.*) Why, man, it's only a four-leaf shamrock.

LANTY. Be th' powers ye're in rare luck this toime Lanty avourneen! sez I, huggin' mesilf as I wint; arrah thin but it's yersilf that's a broth av a b'y! not miny has luck loike ye, t' be fallin' in wid lashin's o' goold!

CAPT. (*Laughing*) Well Lanty you are a deep one! I suppose I am to be the gold mine. (*Tosses purse to him.*)

LANTY. (*Chuckling.*) Sure I niver had th' though; but I'm much obleeged t' yer honor.

CAPT. I'll take the deed for the word, Lanty.

LANTY. Now if I can be av no further service t' yer honor, I've a hut up nigh Divil's Glin, an' I'll go up there for a few days to kape th' game from leadin' too aisy a loife.

CAPT. Right you are, Lanty! go keep yourself out of

harm's way. If I require your services I shall manage in some way to let you know; until then good-bye.

[*Exit* CAPT. R.]

[*Exit* LANTY L.]

(*Scene draws.*)

SCENE III. *Wicklow Prison. Moonlight shining through large grated window, right. Heavy iron door left centre. Curfew bells heard ringing off right.*

(*DAN stands looking out of window.*)

DAN. Erin, mavourneen, slanthagal go bragh!—God knows every heart throb av me is thrue t' yez, ivery dhrop av blood in me veins I'd be willin' to shed in yer defince!—ivery fut av yer sod is dear to me as loife! ivery green shamrock that grows in th' ould land more precious than gould!—an' I thought that we'd dhrive out th' oppression an' set fair Ireland free—but th' toime is not yet!—an' I shall die!— or phwat's worse, go to a life-long slavery in Van Dieman's lañd!

(*Rattling chains outside, SERGEANT swings door open.*)

Enter RORY through door disguised as FATHER MAHONE, clasping book and crucifix to his bosom as if in prayer.

(*SERGEANT appears at doorway and stands watching the priestly figure. DAN turns, and perceiving the supposed priest, drops on one knee. RORY stops with outstretched hands. SERGEANT closes and fastens door from outside.*)

RORY. Sowl t' glory! Dan don't yez know me?

DAN. Bames o' day! Can it be possible that this is indade yersilf, Rory O'Nale?

RORY. Whist there! spake aisy, Dan avourneen. It's mesilf an' not another! though, as Father Mahone, I did do so nately thim stupid spalpeens out yandher in charge.

DAN. Och! bad luck t' th' robes!—God forgive me!—I mane they're a great disguise intoirely. An' where did ye get th' wig, Rory?

RORY. 'Twas left up t' th' 'Squires at th' last 'sizes—th' robes and pass were poached by Molly. An' now t' get ye out av here Dan—Mimi an' me father are waitin' wid th' horses at The Ruins on the channel, so on wid th' robes Dan, (*unfastening cloak and holding it out to DAN*) an' ye'll be up at Divil's Glin at dawn.

DAN. An' how are we going t' pass th' guard?—moight I make bould to ax?

RORY. Why, tare an' ouns! sure it's as aisy as loife! All yez have to do is t' pass out as th' priest.

DAN. An' leave you here?

RORY. To be sure!

DAN. An' did ye think i'd go and leave ye, Rory? May th' very shamrocks lift up a voice and cry shame! if such cowardly blood be in me.

RORY. Oh murther! phwat'll I do?

DAN. Carry this answer back t' me bride—that loife is dear, an' that I'd come t' her, if it were through says av human blood!—but say I could not accept me liberty at th' sacrifice of a brother!

RORY. Listen t' rayson, Dan. 'Twas in definse av Mimi ye were after gettin' th' ill will av th' captain—and phwat wid a packed jury, and a judge that cares

divil a rap for justice, ye'll be transported this day week barrin' ye're hung.

DAN. Niver shall any man say that th' blood av a coward wathered me veins, or that I cast aside th' right t' wear upon me heart th' green.

RORY. Bitther bad indade, Dan, has th' toime come t' be wid us, when min are dhriven as sheep unto th' slaughther. An' ye won't go? Sure th' Squire wud get me out.

DAN. God bliss ye Rory! No!

RORY. (*Replacing cloak.*) Saint Patrick aid me while I think!

DAN. Rory, quick! Give me tidin's av Mimi, mavourneen, me own little acushla ague, does it fare well or ill with her? God knows it was a bither indin' to our widdin' day.

RORY. She's out yandher at th' ruins, pinin' an' losin' all her bright ways for him who will not come. She pleaded to-day on her bended knees, with that reptile av a Captain, but he would not leave her in to see ye. The vilest reptile that crawls is better nor him—the blackest traitor that iver lived had more honor. He wanted to make her a great leddy; he promised her jewels, silks and grand livin'; he said you were a criminal, a conspirator against th' governmint; you could be made to suffer the penalty of your misdeeds at any time; but if she consented to marry him, he would allow you to escape, provided you'd leave th' country; that in England he could thin obtain a divorce, an' wid beauty, culture grace and a good marriage name, blazoned wid gold, need not flutter a proud pedigree to

force the proud circle of society to open and leave them in.

DAN. An' phwat did she say?

RORY. I'm an honest man's wife, no woman can ax for better; your words are insults, ivery wan that ye sphake. If Mimi O'Nail was standin' by th' wayside, or dyin' in a ditch, she'd not take help or succor from your hands—nor so much as a sup of cold wather nor a crust. Coward an' villain, I hates an' despises ye, that ye know.

DAN. May all the curses av heaven an' earth light on him! May he niver know peace, slapin' or wakin'! May thorns be always in his pillow, an' indless tormints in his flesh! Fiends an' devils, an' wicked faries beset his path continually! An' through all may he remember that worse than these, an' if it falls not in twinty years, will come Dan. O'Nail's revinge.

(A chain rattles outside door. DAN drops on his knees, RORY stands holding crucifix to DAN'S lips.)

(Enter SERGEANT through doorway, stops right of door.)

SERG. The time is up!

(RORY with bowed head, passes to doorway. SERGEANT watches DAN, with back to RORY, and reaches out to close door. RORY strikes SERGEANT, who falls.)

RORY. Will yez come now?

(Tosses the priest's attire to DAN.)

DAN. Aye! unto th' dith! *(Disguises as priest.)*

(RORY seizes SERGEANT'S cap and bunch of keys, and stands listening at the doorway)

(Scene revolves.)

SCENE IV. *The Ruins on St. George's Channel. Moonlight scene. Ruins of castle on cliff right; St. George's Channel at the back.*

(MIMI stands on cliff, left centre, watching higher cliffs. SHAUN stands gun in hand, with two horses, left centre)

SHAUN. (*Aside.*) Musha, God help and save us all! It's a pity th' dark days wud iver come, but come they have enough an' plinty, an' seemin' all th' darker, perhaps, because av th' times bein' so pleasant wid us before. (*Aloud.*) Mimi, me jewil, is anyone comin'?

MIMI. No wan, father; the moon is at its full in th' hivens, but there's no wan abroad to-night. I feel strangely frustrated an' onaisy like.

SHAUN. Chance he may av passed us on th' cliff above. Sing wan av th' quaint ould "ballads," alanna, 'twill guide Dan if he is nigh.

MIMI. (*Sings Killarney.*)

(*At finish of song, light of bon-fire appears on cliff, R.*)

(*Pointing at cliff, R.*) See, father! a fire has sprung up on th' cliff.

SHAUN. Tare-an-ouns! 'tis a signal th' "Peep o-Day B'ys" are out to-night.

MIMI. Hiven forbid Dan falling into their hands.

SHAUN. Fear not alanna, their hearts are quick to

feel for any mortal crathur's disthress, their creed niver to bethray any livin' thing, avan so much as a dog, that thrusts in them, yet Governmint has set a price upon their heads; Governmint would put a halther round their necks, forsooth, because they are traitors d'ye moind; it would do this, an' thin sind forth its tithemin, its sheriffs, its process servers to take a poor widdy's only shafe av corrun an' th' last remainin' thruss av shtraw bechune herself an' th' shanty flure av cowl'd, cowl'd clay.

MIMI. Father, I fear these rash speeches. Men have been hung for words less treasonable.

SHAUN. Yes, alanna! many a man has been murth-ered for lovin' the ould land too well. But remember while England rules us wid an' iron hand, Irishmen will be found ready to sacrifice loife an' fortune to shake off the yoke an break th' chain that binds us; jist think av them that died in ninety-eight, shure I'm willin' to lift th' sword or pike for Erin when the toime comes. Not that meself is in any way to be compared wid th' loikes o' thim av ninety-eight, no more than th' glow-worm to th' stars, only I'd be as ready to pour out me blood, an' to die for th' dear ould land, but wan man against all thim murtherin', slayin' red-coats is a poor show, an' I don't want to be shot down loike a cowardly assassin.

MIMI. They would murder you on th' spot, or drag you away to an ignominious death.

SHAUN. Betokens, I know that.

MIMI. How could you serve Erin thin, you are mad, utterly mad father, to speak of it. 'Tis bad, bad work,

just think of Dan, if he escapes at all he'll be a banned an' hunted man.

SHAUN. Yes, Yes, alanna! (*Pointing off at cliff R.*) But look yondher! d'ye see anyone?

MIMI. Ther's somebody running along th' cliff!

SHAUN. Is it Dan?

MIMI. There's more than wan!

SHAUN. Are they coming this way?

MIMI. Merciful God, 'tis Dan!—an' the redcoats are afther him!—save him father!—save him! they are gainin' on him! (*Runs wildly down.*)

Enter DAN, running down ruins, R., catches MIMI in his arms.

(SHAUN raises his gun.)

Enter RORY R., from ruins.

(SHAUN fires.)

RORY. Oh!—Father! (*Staggers down ruins and falls.*)

(DAN springs to RORY'S side.)

SHAUN. Great hivins! plawat have I done?

DAN. (*Starting back.*) Ye've kilt yer b'y!

(SHAUN Throws gun aside. All bend over RORY.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Devil's Glen: early dawn. High cliffs and cascade for backing. Chasm and lower cliffs below.*

(DAN stands shaking hands with SHAUN, who sits on horse-back and holds the other horse by bridle,

SHAUN. Ye'll foind Larry up at th' still—t' my belafe a safer place could not be found if we sarched th' whole county through. So leave thim scour th' mountains right and left, from th' deepest glin to th' highest craig that pierces hiven, they'll niver track ye here, an' in th' mane time friends will leave no stone unturned to clear ye, an' now Dan before I leave ye, have ye an enemy? Can ye think av any spalpeen who would av set himself to win th' dhirty goold av an informer, phwat an honest man would niver care to have.

DAN. I'm consumed an' tortured, an' driven nigh mad wid thinkin'. Sorry a man barrin' English Montagu, with his moighty airs an' ways—th' beastly cur o' Beelzebub! Faith an' he'd like to see ivery man transported or hung pawat wouldn't be lavin' th' soft side o' th' blarney upon himself, th' black hawk-eyed rap o' th' divil.

SHAUN. That's thrue for yez, Dan; it's bitther hard th' toimes has come to be wid us intirely—if a man mis-ses disthruccion wid th' hunger, he's sure to mate it in th' law.

DAN. Great hivins! thin let us cast away th' green an' cringe for iver to th' red, an' rend ould Erin's crownless harp, if we sit wid folded hands an' see our com-

rades given to th' halthers, or dragged in fetters from th' land they love.

SHAUN. Sowls to glory! I knew th' right dhrop was in ye "Mabouchaleen," there's me hand. (*They clasp hands*) Shure, we niver done harm or bore malice to any livin' thing, only we can't help lovin' our country better nor our Queen. Lade th' way, Dan, an' it's mesilf that will follow afther, aven unto th' dit .

DAN. Other nations ere now have achieved their independence, an' so will this Irish nation of ours. Th' bravest and noblest in th' land—an' in other lands—will gladly welcome any movement tending to break the chain that binds us, an' set our own beloved green to flaunt on high in face of the sun, th' whole length and breadth av the country through. This blessed toime isn't far distant ayther, there's strong hands an' throe hearts in it, an' min that's got a giant's power along wid havin' right for a battle cry, and I hope to share in the struggle. If this be treason, let it echo on the highways and byways av th' land.

SHAUN. It 'll be wantin' in wit an' wake in courage we'd be if, betokens, we'd not find a way to make them yald.

DAN. If it's hangin' they want so bad, shure it's th' so'gers an' magistrates they may hang, divil a man av us is in for it at the prisint toime av speakin'.

SHAUN. Th' so'gers have come to do the will av th' law, an' do it they must tho' hearts are broken. Sorry a wan o' me blames thim at all, barrin' Montagu, but only the thraitor—whoiver he may be—th' thraitor amongst us that has blackened himself eternally wid th' shame av the informer.

DAN. Thraitor! informer! (*Speaking slowly.*) Show me th' man. Threachery is th' crime above all others that a thrue Irishman niver forgives. Spake me Mabou-chaleen, yer keepin' a secret.

SHAUN. Well thin, betokens, an' its a bitther bad thing for yez to hear, an' that's th' raison why I hesitated to tell yez Dan, avick.

DAN. Out wid it man! Out wid it, th' powers has it that Dan O'Nail was niver born to be hung.

SHAUN. Well, I'll make a clean breast av it. Ye see Rory wint over to th' Smithy to see th' place by day, there was divil a sound, but this is phat he saw: marks av heavy brogans in th' soft sod in th' rear.

DAN. Oh, fareer gairh, 'twas th' so'gers.

SHAUN. There yer wrong, sure 'twas out av season, or it's mesilf that 'd be thinkin' av Christmas.

DAN. Marks av brogans! Christmas. (*Aside.*) Shure his raison nigh gone wid suspense an' fear.

SHAUN. Sorry a fear o' me, li-then, "'twas th' wrong time av year, still th' toys wint down th' chimney.

DAN. Howly virgin! don't shtop to spake av that now—give me th' secret.

SHAUN. Wait! Rory wint up on top av th' smithy, but some wan had been there afore him, thar was th' signs as plain as loife, where the weapons were put in at th' top av th' chimney, and on th' thatch he found a poacher's snare.

DAN. A poacher's snare! top av th' Smithy; spake but a single word, jist name the laddie that betrayed me, an' Ireland will know him no more.

SHAUN. Murdher will out Dan. Rory is on th' hunt,

be aisy for a few days ; he's sure to run th' fox to th' earth.

DAN. An' I'm to tarry here untilst th' sarch is over?

SHAUN. Yis, an' now I'll return wid th' horses t' throw suspicion off, so good-bye Dan, for the preselt.

(Exit SHAUN with horses, L.)

(Exit DAN, R.)

Enter LANTY KILFOYL from behind rocks R, looking cautiously around

LANTY. Howly Saint Patrick! It's Dan. Cassarn ; he's broken jail. Nayther bolts, nor bars, nor walls av shtone, nor duress av iron can hold him ; an' d'ye be afther hearin phwat th' gamekeeper sid. Wurrrah, wurrah, sorrys th' day I got the lads' ill-will, an' Rory O'Nail afther me loike a bloodhound, eager for me loife. Bad luck t' th' wan that timplt me. Faix, an' it's himself that wuld niver rise th' hand or stir th' feet to kape me neck from th' halther. I'm a heart-scalded creature. I am, intirely—betther would it ha' been I'd niver saved a coin, or had a pinny bechune meself an' starvation, than that I'd come to have this danger over me night an' day, slapin', wakin', risin' up or sittin' down, for I have done that phat, betokens, th' b'ys will niver forgive an' niver rist aisy onlist their vengeance falls, *(slowly)* at any rate. It will be mony a day afore a-wan o' them catches th' fox ; so in th' manetoime I'll rist aisy, an' not be hearin' their footsteps in ivery lafe that stirs, in ivery hare that runs. Wisha, begora, it's meself phat likes th' color o' th' shiners, an' it's manys a broad, beautiful wan I got from his honor, that betokens, is al-

ways ready to pay for a nate bit o' sarvice loike a prince. (*Looking off R.*) It's aisy tellin' th' aigle is near his nest Faix, I know th' cave in th' rocks, down th' face av th' cliff, nigh th' ravine. Och! murther-in-Irish! Th' worruld's sorrow on yez Lanty Kilfoyl, for a witness spalpeen—if, betokens, ye're not afther gettin' a broad piece of goold for sich game! Oh! for th' wings av an aigle, t' fly t' ye captain! More spadet t' ye Lanty, avourneen!—run as if th' very ould b'y himsilf was at yer hailes!

(*Exit LANTY running, L.*)

(*The scene is closed.*)

SCENE II. *Green center. Mid-day scene of cross roads, with sign post.*

Enter RORY and MIMI R.

(*RORY wears a bandage around his head.*)

MIMI. Rory will ye sit down an' rist? Yer shakin' in ivery limb.

RORY. Arrah, is it takin' me for a gossoon ye are, sure father shot wide av th' mark, 'tis only a scratch on me head from fallin' aginst the rocks. The last I remembered at th' ruins ye were all cuttin' up sthrange antics in the moonbames.

MIMI. God is good, let them get their fleetest horses now, they'll niver track Dan; me lover husband is safe, thank God!

RORY. Amin to yer words, shure its hopeful souls that min nade, an' wimmin too, in these black, bitter days. Take comfort an' aise to yer heart Mimi an' re-

mimber that th' hour that goes before th' dawn is th' darkest hour o' night.

MIMI. Indade, an' I'm tryin' to kape in moind that blessed motto always.

RORY. Dan is not the only man who has suffered for lovin' old Ireland too well, but ye'll keep up heart under it all, that I know.

MIMI. Fear not for me Rory, I have got th' blood av th' O'Nail's in me veins. Now let us be away; while we tarry here the moments go an' chance it is we'll be seen returning.

RORY. (*Stopping MIMI and pointing L.*) Saints in glory! There's that spalpeen av a Captain comin' 'long th' road an' Lanty Kilfoyl th' bloody cadger, wid him—we'll jist step aside and lave them pass.

[*Exit MIMI and RORY behind trees L.*

Enter CAPTAIN MONTAGU and LANTY KILFOYL L.

(CAPT. *walks back and forth impatiently.* LANTY *chasing after him.*)

CAPT. I intend to do what I can for you. If you are not satisfied with this I will to-morrow take you to town and use my influence with the constabulary, who will, doubtless, engage you in their service, once they are made to understand your efficiency and skill. This, of course, will afford you the surest protection that you could have, and remain about these parts. You ought to be thankful, Lanty, that I should take such an interest in your welfare.

LANTY. Musha, thin may all manners av blissin's light on yez ivery day that ye'll be risin' out av yer bed! It's a happy man I'll be wid such a befittin' chance, och

thin, listhen a bit, yer honor. I seen him, an' that's a little sacret thrown in free gratis for nuthin', jist be th' way av showin' hōw thankful I am t' yer honor.

CAPT. Him, of whom are you speaking?

LANTY. Why, himsilf shure, nather ghost nor wraith, but jist himsilf.

CAPT. How very definite. I suppose himself may have a name?

LANTY. Av coorse, av coorse, yer honor, he do have a name, an' its Dan Cassarn.

CAPT. Cassarn, curse him! Where Lanty, where did you see him?

LANTY. Abroad on th' hills. It was a miracle, an' nuthin' but it shure. Thinks I that 'll be news for the masther, an' he'll be wantin' his humble sarvint, Lanty Kilfoyl, in helpin' to get Cassarn down from the hills.

CAPT. (*Aside.*) It is gold, gold at every turn, but the girl is worth a king's ransom.

LANTY. If yer honor 'll just kindly be givin' me a few shinin' coins—jist a few, th' price av a pig. Surely—surely ye'll pay me if I give ye tidings of Cassarn.

CAPT. For the love of God, Lanty, if you have tidings of Cassarn speak! (*Hands gold to him.*)

LANTY. Well thin—at peep o' day I chanced to roam nigh Divil's Glin, an' phwat did I see but two ridhers approachin', so I jist kindly laid down behind th' rocks to lave thim pass, whin, be all th' crosses in th' yard av check I swear 't was Cassarn an' O'Nale th' gamekeepe! Musha! yez could av knocked me down wid th' lafe av a shamrock!

CAPT. (*Impatiently.*) Yes! Yes! but where did they go?

LANTY. O'Nale came back wid th' horses, but Cas-sarn wint on t' Larry Reilly's still, up in th' very heart av th' rocks.

CAPT. I know the place! and now I will call out the soldiers, and kill two birds with one stone!

(*Exit* CAPT. R.)

(LANTY stands counting his gold. Enter RORY and MIMI, L., unperceived by LANTY. RORY advances and seizes him by the throat. LANTY falls on his knees)

LANTY. In th' name o' Hivin, take that tight grip aff me—och! Howly Biddy!—th' bones are crackin'!—aise up a little, jewel, aise up!

RORY, Whist, there! 'tis you phats the laddie that betrayed us, an' sould th' pass I knew; betokens, ye had th' bad dhrop in yez always, but it's past me that a man could be so vile. Ye've got mony a brave lad transported or hung, an' yer hand niver seen it at all, make no doubt; but since yez so fond ay th' halther for others, it's yer own neck that's loikely to be stretched in wan in th' ind. I culd crush th' life out av ye where ye stand foninst me now, as aisy as ye culd th' loife av a hare, an' because it is so aisy, an' ye are so completely in me power, is th' raison why I hould me hand. Threachery! Ye niver got it in yer veins from th' nither breast av th' fair ould land.

LANTY. (*In whining accents.*) Murrah! but it's a great wrong yer doin' me intirely. Rory, avick! God kows I

niver had th' thought or wish to work any wan harrum.

RORY. Arrah thin, bad manners t' ye to cast th' dark blight across Dan's loife.

LANTY. Och, tare-an-ages! Yer chokin' me, an' niver a morthal man could stand that an' live.

RORY. Me foine laddy buck! an' ye work for a mas-ther that pays, an' th' thrade brought you in foine profits, an' ye thought th' sacret would niver come to light; but it has, thank God! an' well it is ye knows the fate av all thraitors an' informers, Lanty Kilfoyl. Mimi run ahead an' tell th' b'ys—rouse up th' county, an' tell them who the thraitor is. [Exit MIMI L.]

Come along, ye bloody cadger! it's a little toime ye'll have for shrive or prayer! [Exit RORY with LANTY L.]

(*Scene draws.*)

SCENE III. *The exterior of FATHER MAHONE'S.*

(LORD DUNRAVEN *is sitting on circular seat.* SQUIRE GALDARRICK *stands center, with MAJOR RALEIGH on his right, and FATHER MAHONE at his left.*)

SQUIRE. (*Speaking to FATHER MAHONE.*) I knew the lad well, and feeling assured that he intended no harm in life, I sent to Dublin the day after his arrest, asking them to investigate the Captain's charges—and so they sent me as a guest my old friend and classmate, the Major—with full power to act.

FATHER. Ah! I understand. You intend to throw the Captain off his guard.

MAJOR. Exactly! He is of a fine English family, but should the Squire's suspicions prove well grounded, justice shall take it's course.

LORD. Major! I wequest you to shoot the wascal!

(All laugh.)

MAJOR. He will deserve it if he causes an Englishman to blush.

FATHER. Innocent—until proven guilty.

MAJOR. True, we have no right to judge a man before he's fairly tried, but in these trying times a soldier's life is not a quiet one, he must keep his soul up in arms and his wits at his fingers ends.

FATHER. Then a soldier's life is not an enviable one.

MAJOR. Quite the reverse "See, the conquering hero comes" is an excellent tune; but the soldier whose name rings in every ear, and thrills his countrymen with pride, does not become a hero by lofty conception alone, but by the patient acquisition of military details. Ten thousand tedious trifles to attend to—ten thousand orders given and disappointments borne—go to making up a triumph. He has to march in the mud, pour over crumpled maps, and work vulgar sums after midnight, by a flickering lantern, in a gusty tent; while you are snoring in a feather bed, he sleeps on the ground in wet clothes, stung by mosquitoes, without a supper, but with a headache. He has to witness executions, disarm jealousy, swallow chagrin and digest opposition. He must brood with ceaseless interest over military problems during the piping times of peace, and familiarize himself with every memorable battle and siege of ancient and modern times. After a great victory, and not until then, will the fire of his life burn up into a national triumph, and the people split their throats with the name of Washington, Wellington or Napoleon.

FATHER. And while the public voice shouted glory, wailing was in her homes. Her temple of victory was filled with trophies, and her hearts were made desolate.

MAJOR. Sadness is the principal fruit which warfare must ever produce. You may talk of glory as long as you like, but you cannot have your laurel without your cypress.

SQUIRE. But Major, fond of war as the soldiers have the reputation of being, do they prefer war to peace—arn't they flesh and blood like ourselves.

MAJOR. Not a bit, you slick and smooth gentlemen who live in luxurious peace know little of a soldier's dangers or feelings.

FATHER. Major we all have our dangers to go through, and maybe a priest has as many as a soldier; and we only show a difference of taste, after all, in the selection.

MAJOR. Well, Father Mahone, all I know is, that a true soldier fears nothing.

FATHER. Maybe, faith I have been in places of danger a soldier would be glad to get out of.

MAJOR. You'll pardon me for doubting you, Father Mahone.

FATHER. Faith, then you wouldn't like to be where I was within the hour, that is, in a mud cabin, where I was giving th' last rites to two people dying of the typhus fever.

LORD. (*Springing to his feet.*) Typhus!

FATHER. Ay, typhus sir; most malignant typhus.

LORD. Gracious! how can you do such a dwdedful thing as run the risk of bearing infwection into society?

MAJOR. My Lord your more frightened than hurt.—

(Shouts of many voices off L, all look in that direction.)

What are they doing Squire?

SQUIRE. There is some great excitement among the peasantry.

FATHER. Yes, they are pursuing some person—see! he is heading for the gamekeeper's lodge!

SQUIRE. The peasants are thoroughly roused, I think we had better try and head them off. [*Exit all quickly L.*

(Scene opens.)

SCENE IV. *Galdarrick Estate, Ballinalea.*

(SQUIRE, LORD, MAJOR, PRIEST and SHAUN stand looking out at open gateway. Shouts of many voices off L.)

SQUIRE. Shaun, stand by the gates, and close them when I give the signal.

(All step to center except SHAUN.)

Enter LANTY KILFOYL with RORY running after him, through gateway L.

LANTY drops down and clasps the PRIEST'S knees, PRIEST raises his hand, RORY stands making excited gestures. LORD DUNRAVEN dodges behind tree.

SQUIRE. Quick Shaun! *(SHAUN closes and locks gate.)*
Enter PEASANTS from L and stand outside gates, shouting and flourishing shillalys.

LANTY. Och! save me!—protect me!—hide me!

SQUIRE. Rory what is the meaning of all this deviltry?

(A rolling thunder of raps outside gate.)

FATHER. *(To PEASANTS.)* Silence!

RORY. There's th' ould b'y him-self t' th' fere! Och! Lanty, ye murtherin' bag o' bones! *(Shouting outside gate)*

Enter MIMI, MOLLY and MRS. O'NEIL from the lodge and stand unperceived by the others.

MAJOR. In Her Majesty's name I demand to know the cause of this rebellious outbreak!—(*Complete silence.*)—Will no one answer.

MIMI. (*Advancing.*) Yes!—I, Dan Cassarn's bride, will answer ye!—or to my God, that ivery word I spake is thrue! 'Twas yandher cringin' coward (*Pointing to LANTY*) who, for the love av goold, crept through the clouds av night to the smithy, an' hid the muskets an' pikes where they were found—'twas the shine av the English captain's goold that made him willin' to sell both body an' sowl, the goold av the cowardly Montagu, who swore he'd run Dan to earth—'tis thim that are guilty not Dan ma bouchleen!

LANTY. 'Tis a lie!

RORY. D'ye hear that, b'ys?

(*Shouts and pounding upon gates.*)

FATHER. (*Stepping back removes his hat raises his hand toward LANTY.*) Lanty Kilfoyl, I have already spoken to you in the house of worship—once more I warn you to beware. Riot and battle are found with you, and if you do not speedily reform your course of life, I shall expel you from the pale of the church, and pronounce sentence of excommunication upon you from the altar.

LANTY. (*Raising his hands.*) Spare me! Spare me!

FATHER. If you know aught of Cassarn's innocence, speak!—ere an offended God does take your life.

LANTY. Musha! I'm crapin wid th' chills loike as

if some wan was wakin' over me grave! B'ys, if I make a clean breast av it will yez spare me loife?

RORY. We will.

LANTY. Th' Lord's goodness on yez, b'ys!—but it's bad commons av yez t' be thratin a helpless crathur thus! I was so poor, so very exceedin'ly poor—an' whin Cassarn gave th' captain th' hard word, an' th' captain came an' offered me th' shinin' coins if I'd lave th' weapons at Cassarn's, sure I niver saw th' harm in it. An' as I ran in th' balmy night through fields where th' wild brier caught at me garments, an' th' daisy stems tangled about me feet, th' fire-flies ran wid me as I wint, an' I thought how they looked loike gooid—an' how happy I'd be if ivery thing I touched would turn into it. An' now by's, that's all, wid divil a lie in it!

MAJOR. The murder is out!

MIMI. (*Kneeling.*) Thank God!

(*Music heard off L.*)

RORY. 'Tis th' redcoats comin' 'long th' road!

MAJOR. Throw the gates wide open.

(*SHAUN opens gates. PEASANTS enter and stand in background. MAJOR advances to gateway and salutes CAPT.*)

Captain! march your company in here—I have a prisoner for you!

(*Enter CAPTAIN MONTAGU through gateway, L., and halts near gate as SERGEANT and SOLDIERS enter, with DAN handcuffed.*)

CAPTAIN, Column right—march! Column left—march! Twos left—march! Company halt!

MIMI. Dan! Dan! (*Throwing her arms around DAN'S neck.*)

MAJOR. (*Pointing to LANTY.*) Sergeant, secure that fellow. (*SOLDIERS secure LANTY and place him beside DAN. MAJOR crosses over to CAPT., who stands staring at LANTY. Captain Montagu!—your sword. (CAPT. starts, then hands sword to MAJOR.)* Sergeant, place Captain Montagu under arrest.

CAPT. (*His hand flying to his side for sword.*) Death!

(*SOLDIERS advance and place CAPT. in ranks.*)

MAJOR. Sergeant release Dan Cassarn.

SERG. (*Saluting.*) Major, Dan Cassarn is an escaped prisoner!

MAJOR. Sergeant, I am responsible to my superior officer for my acts. (*Sergeant releases Dan, Major shakes hands with Dan.*) Mr. Cassarn, allow me to congratulate you upon your narrow escape from a life in Tasmania. It is always a pleasure to right a wrong, cost what it may, justice must take its course though it disgraces a countryman of mine, and I must admit I feel the disgrace sorely. I was detailed from Dublin with full power to act in this case, the kind hospitality of the Squire allayed suspicion, and with his valued assistance we all have the satisfaction of seeing justice done you. Again, Mr. Cassarn, in the name of the government, I congratulate you. And now I can see no better way out of this difficulty than to withdraw with as good grace as possible and relieve you of these unpleasant visitors.

DAN. Major I appreciate yer kind words, comin' as they do from yer heart. If more av yer counthrymen

were loike ye Irishmen would niver seek a home across the say.

MAJOR. Sergeant, march your company out.

SERGT. (*Saluting.*) Company, attention! Forward march! Twos left, march!

Exit MAJOR, SERGT and SOLDIERS with CAPT. and LANTY as prisoners through gateway L, amidst cheering of PEASANTS.

SQUIRE. (*Shaking hands with* DAN.) Well Dan, I'm afraid my toast on your wedding night was the cause of all your misfortune—but the eclipse has passed, leaving you safe and sound, and life will seem all the brighter for it. And now Rory, what can we do to celebrate the occasion?

RORY. Troth thin, I know—if his riverence is willin'!

FATHER. You have my consent, Rory, if you'll promise to disown "the omadhaun!"

RORY. (*Leading* MOLLY *over to priest.*) Thin give us yer riverence's blessin' an' change Molly's name to Mrs. Rory O'Neil.

FATHER. Eh? What—

SQUIRE. That's an elegant idea Rory!—and by the wig o' the chief justice, you shall have Greylark Lodge! So come now, your reverence, don't spoil the celebration.

FATHER. Very well Squire! I'll consent—if Rory disowns "the omadhaun!"

RORY. (*Advancing*) Faix, an' 'twill be a happy rid-dance! I'm disgraced while he lives! (*To audience.*) An' now I call upon yez all t' bear witness, that I, Rory O'Neil, disown, an' cut off wid out a shillin' that vagabone called "The Omadhaun!"

CURTAIN.

Characters at Fall of Curtain.

Peasants.

Molly. Rory. Mimi.

Priest.

Dan.

Lord.

Mrs. O'N.

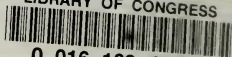
Squire.

Shaun.





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